WHERE SHALL WE BURY YOU?

What is it that you ask me?
I hear but drowsily,
So sings the far forever
Forever in my head.
When from the golden quiver
The latest dart is drawn!
When, down the shadowy river
The viewless boat has gone!
Some problem still to task me?—
I hear your muffled voices
And half heard words are said,
How far they seem to me,
Sweet friends!
How far they seem to me,
Some question of my choices
You ask me anxiously.

Where, amid earth's green meadows,
Its sunlight or its shadows
Will I be laid to rest?
What! Have ye power to bind me?
Who make this eager quest?
Why friends, if then you mind me,
Still claiming what is lost
And doubtful of the boatmen's skill
With me the stream that crossed.
Aye, aye, if you can find me—
If seeking, you should find me,
Then bury me where you will,
Dear friends.
Yes, bury me where you will,
It not matters not to me.
—H. E. G. Arey in Cleveland Leader.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

"A woman's education is a mistake from beginning to end," said Roxy Stephens, in a sudden outburst of despair. "Yes, it is. Here have I been going to school all my life, and I don't know anything. There never could have been" Roxy deliberately added, "even in the dark ages, such an ignoramus as I am. I don't even know how to feed the chickens properly," as a downy colony of little "Dominiques" scattered this way and that before the mass of scalded meal which Roxy had flung too abruptly in their midst, while the mother hen, sounding a trumpet note of shrill alarm, scuttled back against a picket fence, with flapping wings and feathers all a bristle.

The door yard, starred with yellow dandelion blooms and tufted with rosettes of plantain leaves, was steeped in the soft noon heats; a chevaux de frise of pink and puce colored hollyhocks guarded the garden wall, and a faint scent of ripening raspberries floated on the air. Down by the maple swamp cow bells tinkled softly, and some wild birds whistled the same refrain over and over again with melodious persistency from the hazel copse across the road. And Roxy Stephens, sitting dolorously on the door stone, with her chin supported in both hands, neither saw nor heard these sweet interpretations of nature.

Up to a certain degree there was truth in her lamentation. Roxy had been 17 years old when she came to live with her aunt Sally Stephens on the Redbrook farm. She was a bright haired, fresh complexioned girl, with shady blue eyes, emphasized by perfectly arched brows, a thought heavier than falls to the usual lot of womankind. They had always been a secret grievance to her, these black leech like curves; but, had she only known it, the dark, strongly penciled brows were what gave character to her whole face and redeemed it from the insipidity of mere pink and white prettiness. In a certain fashion her mind corresponded to her eyebrows. There was a quaint vein of originality pervading it. Her nature was strongly outlined, too, and in the fullness of her youth and vitality she had once believed that she was born to conquer fate.

Roxanna Stephens was a city bred girl, the daughter of Miss Sally's oldest brother, who had died unexpectedly, leaving a motherless girl totally unprovided for. Thus do people give mortgages to fate, and dying, leave others to foreclose on them. There is undoubtedly a certain degree of injustice in it; but who shall venture to carp against the Lord's will? Miss Sally herself, a complaining little woman, with a face full of fine wrinkles, like China crape, and blue eyes hidden behind misty spectacles, accepted the trust, as she had accepted all other inconveniences of her life, limply and without protest. She had never had any strong emotions one way or the other. If she had any active pleasure, it was in gathering the humble herbs and simples of her native fields and drying them in preparation for the aches and pains that beset her poor humanity. "It's always well to be prepared," said she. "I don't hold with the homœpathies, nor yet I hain't no faith in calomel and mercury. There ain't nothin' like roots and herbs, and every neighbor within ten miles around comes to me for 'em when they've sickness in the house."

And to this little old brown woman in a little old brown farm house came Roxanna, the young princess who had set forth to conquer the world.

"I'm desput glad you've come, Roxanner," said Miss Stephens, sniffing at a bunch of wilted pennyroyal. "I ain't able to keep on doin' as I hev been doin'. Somehow, it's borne in upon me that Providence has sent you. I've worked powerful hard all my life, and now I'll just rest a spell, and let you keep house for me. I hain't no doubt at all but what we'll get along together first rate, you and me."

Roxy looked with solemn eyes at her aunt. Evidently the old lady had faith as a grain of mustard seed, and there was something contagious in her example.

"It must be very easy to keep house," said Roxy, fresh from the class room and recitation hall. So the household helm was delivered into her hands, and then—not till then—she realized the fact of her exceeding ignorance.

Not for worlds, however, would she have confessed her inability to rule the domestic menage. Aunt Sally had a profound contempt for "book larnin'," and did not hesitate to assert roundly that "ef brother Simon had took her advice he would hev brung up Roxanner in quite a different way," and the girl had a certain silent pride in vindicating her father's judgment. So, by the help of a dog's eared cookery book which she found in the garret, she learned some of the simpler secrets of the cuisine, and her own neat nature taught her the mysteries of sweeping and scrubbing; while old Hinda, a jet black negress, with grizzled wool and a soft appealing voice like a flute, who pervaded the neighborhood, came twice in the month to wash and iron for the little household.

"Jes what ole Hinda's good for," said she; "dat, an' nuffin' else. Missy can do mos' anyfing; but dar ain't no sense in Missy stan'in at de wash tub. Leave dat ar to ole Hinda."

And Roxy's spirits rose with her good luck. "I'm getting to be a housekeeper," said she, cheerily to herself. "Those fried fish this morning tasted quite good, and the wild plums that I preserved yesterday are certainly going to be a success."

But if it is always darkest just before daylight, it is also sometimes brightest before an unexpected thunder cloud. And one day old Hinda bethought herself to feel ill of a Monday morning—of rheumatic fever.

Roxy went to carry her a little pail of milk and a stone crock of the wild plums, for Hinda had a child like fondness for sweets.

"Hinda," she faltered, "can't you wash for me this week? Do try—there's a good Hinda."

The old woman wriggled herself about on her uneasy couch, wringing her hands and rolling up the yellow white of her African eyeballs in piteous fashion.

"Not dis yar week, honey," she answered, plaintively; "not for de queen an' all de royal chilluns. No, ner next week neider. Don' know's I'll eber wash agin, honey," with a mournful croak in her voice.

Roxy's countenance fell. "But, Hinda," she pleaded, "Aunt Sally isn't able to wash: and besides, she has found a whole thicket of witchhazel somewhere up the creek, and she won't sleep night or day until she gets the roots all dug and scraped, and the bark stripped off and put steeping in alcohol. Hinda" —with a sudden inspiration—"do you think I could do the washing?"

"You, Miss Roxy—oh, git out!"

"But, Hinda, somebody must wash."

"It ain't no work for a young lady, Miss Roxy," said Hinda, decisively.

"Everything is work for a young lady," pleaded Roxy, "if it has got to be done."

Hinda shook her head. "Yo'll break yo' back, honey, an' parboil yo' hands, an'"——

"Oh, I don't mind all that, Hinda, if only Aunt Sally would think the clothes looked decent," urged Roxy. "Tell me how to do it, Hinda—there's a darling."

"Well, honey, yo' put de clothes asoak de night afore," unwillingly began Hinda, "in plenty o' bar soap sliced up thin; an' yo' bile 'em well, an' yo' doan forgit de bluein', an' mind yo' doan git de starch too stiff, an' be suah yo' rensh de clothes right smart, an'— oh! oh! dar goes de pain in my po' ole bones agin, jes for all de world like crooked lightnin'."

So Roxy returned home not much wiser than she went. "I'd give all my algebra and geometry," sighed she, "if only I knew how to wash."

Joy of joys, as she went past Squire Honeywell's big cream colored house she saw a colony of white garments, veritable flags of truce to her troubled mind, fluttering in the wind from a line in the back yard.

"They're washing," said Roxy to herself, with a brightening face. "Now's the time for me to go in and see how it is done."

She slipped insinuatingly in at the open kitchen door, whence a cloud of white steam floated forth. "Good morning, Docia," she said to Miss Theodocia Honeywell, the Squire's daughter. "Do you suppose your grandmother would like a jar of my wild plums? They're a nice color, and keep their flavor beautifully. No, don't stop your work" (as Miss Theodocia paused courteously, and began to wipe her soapy arms on a roller towel); "go on just as if I wasn't here."

And she eagerly settled herself to take note of the stout young woman's every motion. But Miss Theodocia's ideas of politeness were a great deal too well defined to allow her to spend her time in washing when there was company.

"You're very kind, I'm sure," said she, "bnt the clothes can wait. I dare say granny would relish the plums, and, anyhow, we've a city boarder this month, an artist young gentleman, and any little luxury comes in handy for the table."

"An artist?" wistfully repeated Roxy.

"Yes," nodded Docia. "Such pictures as he paints with a squeeze or two out of his color tubes, and a dab of his brushes! I declare it seems like magic. You paint too, Roxy Stephens, don't you?"

"A little," confessed Roxy, thinking guiltily of the peach blossom placques and the panels covered with abortive attempts at autumn leaves that she had spoiled. "But painting is no use, Docia. For a woman, I mean. I'd a deal rather know how to—wash."

Docia Honeywell burst out laughing. "What odd things you do say, Roxy!" cried she. "But when it comes to painting being no use, I just wish you could see the little bits of canvas and mill board that our Mr. Jefferys gets a hundred and fifty dollars for. A—hundred—and—fifty—dollars! Going, are you?"—for, since the business of washing was temporarily suspended, poor Roxy's purpose was blighted. "Well, I'm sure it was very kind of you to think of the preserved plums, and we'll be very thankful for them, especially since ma's citron all molded, and the blackberries fermented, and blew the tops off the cans and broke the cellar windows. And, Roxy, if I'll stop in some afternoon will you show me that new crochet stitch?—the one in shells and waves, you know, like Mrs. Deacon Dodd's shawl."

Roxy promised that she would, and set forth, wondering to herself how it was that she lacked the moral courage to ask Docia for instruction in the mysteries of the wash tub just as frankly as Docia had requested her assistance in unraveling the complexities of the new crochet stitch.

"I think I must be a dreadful goose," sighed Roxy. "But, all the same, that washing has got to be done, whether well or ill. It can't be worse than those algebra problems in the second book. As x and y equals z, so must soap, water, and plenty of sunshine equal clean clothes."

And so the next morning, when Aunt Sally had eaten the ham and eggs which Roxy had now learned to fry in so appetizing a manner, and drunk the coffee which was as clear as any amber, she set forth on her daily task of root and herb hunting, and Roxy carried the basket of clothes out to the shore of the brook, where a mighty old chestnut tree spread its dome of shade, washed and wrung and rinsed them until it was a mercy that there were only two threads left together. Then she hung them out on the lines, which she had stretched from tree to tree, skewering each article safely in its place with wooden pins, so that no frolicsome wind should lure it away.

"And now," said Roxy, as with head slightly on one side she viewed the result of her prowess, "I think I've earned a little rest." And drawing a novel from her pocket, Roxy sat down under the big tree, with her sun bonnet thrown back, her loose curls tangled over her forehead, and her round white arms still bare to the shoulder, to read, and before she knew it she was asleep.

When she awakened she was no longer alone. Between her and the sunshine there was—could she believe her eyes?—yea, verily there was a young man hurriedly working at a portable easel, which was set up on a level spot on the grass, with all the composure and aplomb of a young man who felt himself to be in the right place in creation's diagram. She looked at him with solemn, sleep shadowed eyes; he looked back at her exactly as if she was a part of the landscape, and worked steadily on in silence.

"Are you an artist?" said she. "Are you painting the old chestnut tree? Oh, you must be the gentleman that Docia Honeywell told me about." And then she suddenly remembered the tangled fringe of curls, the round, uncovered arms, and jumped up in a panic of very becoming confusion.

"I am Mark Jefferys," said the artist, composedly. "Yes, I am boarding at Squire Honeywell's house. And you?"

"I am Roxy Stephens," said the girl, hurriedly pulling down her calico sleeves. "If you will just step up to the house I will give you a jar of wild plums that I promised to Docia; that is" (with an abrupt consciousness of her own temerity) "if you don't mind carrying it."

And this was the manner of their first acquaintance.

Roxy was very sorry when Mr. Jefferys returned to the city. It seemed as if his absence left a yawning hiatus in her life, which had not previously been eventful or rich in incident. But she did not know how more than sorry Mark Jefferys was to part from her.

"'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,'" he quoted to himself, after the hackneyed style of the young man in general when the little winged god has him at a disadvantage. "But she shall not blush unseen if my pictures in this year's exhibition bring their price. She shall be my wife—always supposing that she considers me worthy of the treasure trove of her love. I will wear her like a flower on my heart. I think—yes, I think she likes me a little now. I am quite sure that if I had the chance I could make her like me just a little more."

And so now and then he ventured to write to her, lest by any chance she might forget that such a person existed.

Now in real life things will sometimes happen as strangely as they do in novels. Every one knows this. And it came to pass that in the mid-April time, when skies above and violets below are blue with a blueness that no description can equal, Docia Honeywell came up to New York to buy herself a silk dress, and asked Roxanna Stephens to accompany her.

"I never like to trust entirely to my own taste," said Docia, "and you have such excellent ideas of color, Roxy."

When the dress was duly settled upon—one of those delicious olives which, like the hair of the poet's heroine, was

"Brown in the shadow and gold in the sun"—

there was yet a good hour and a half to spare before the train went.

"Oh, do let us go to the Academy of Design!" said Roxy; "it can't be far. And I think it would rest my eyes to look at some pictures."

It was a fine sunshiny, breezy afternoon, and all the world was out. Roxy came slowly up the broad marble steps, looking around at the giant palms, and the caoutchouc leaves, and the monster camellia trees, whose dark green foliage shone as if it had been garnished. Beyond glowed the pictures, outlined in gold; full of vivid lights and deep mysterious shadows. A little crowd had collected before one particular canvas, and following the usual impulse of human nature, Docia and Roxy left the other pictures—possibly possessed of equal merit—unsurveyed, and joined the fluttering, perfumed knot of gazers.

"The picture of the season," she heard some one saying in the soft, distinct tones that denote your society oracle; "'La Jolie Blanchisseuse.' Would you believe that that little square of canvas has been sold for $1,000? It's a charmingly painted thing—oh, of course—but, after all, what is there to it?"

"It it the sentiment, the tone!" answered a wise critic who was penciling down notes for an art paragraph in the next day's Sphinx. "In this age of the world nobody can tell what's going to succeed and what isn't. The public pulse don't bear feeling as it used."

Little Roxy, in her plain brown gown and the poke hat of rough and ready straw, with the loops of cherry ribbon which she herself had sewn on, stood on tiptoe to peep over the shoulder of the tall lady in front of her at the picture.

"Ah, Docia!" she cried, starting back, as she caught a glimpse of it, with the strange sensation of one who looks into a mirror, "I—I have seen that before."

In the foreground a crystal clear brook gurgled away under a fringe of luxuriant cresses; in the middle distance there was the green mystery of chestnut shadows on the grass, and a young girl asleep, with bare white arms, and sun bonnet fallen down her neck, while an open book lay on the ground. A red winged blackbird balanced itself on a bush at her right, and in the background a line full of fluttering clothes seemed to come and go at the signal of the wind. One could almost hear the murmur of the brook, almost see the stir of the tall grasses in the yellow mist of the noontide heats. It was a very simple picture, to be sure, but it is the simple pictures that speak to people's hearts nowadays.

Docia stared intently.

"It looks like you, Roxy," she said, "and that is the very chestnut tree with the hollow heart that blew down in the equinoctial gale last March. Have you found the number in the catalogue? Who painted it? Ah, I thought so—Mark Jefferys."

Roxy turned around with a curious thrill, half of pride, half anger, in her heart, and saw a tall figure coming toward them from the monster palms that guarded the stairway beyond—Mark Jefferys himself.

"You have seen the picture, Roxy?" he said—"'La Jolie Blanchisseuse?' Dearest"—drawing her away from the crowd into the cool green shadow of the giant ferns and the caoutchouc trees—"my fortune is made, and all through you, and I was coming to-morrow to lay it at your feet."

It was a strange place for a young man to speak out his heart in; but Mark Jefferys was like no other man, and Roxy had a certain individuality of her own. And x was then the lover, and y the tender little fluttering maiden heart, and what should it equal but z—the old, old story of human happiness, that repeats itself anew for every generation? Was it not as plain as any of the algebraic equations in Roxy's books at school?—Lucy Randall Comfort in Harper's Bazar.

She Brought a Friend.

A story is told of a pretty little actress who figures in the bills as Miss, though she has been a wife and mother these half dozen years. She was recently invited out to supper by a stage door masher, and she accepted with the condition that she be allowed to bring a friend with her. The supper giver said he would also bring a friend to make up two couples. On the evening appointed, the host and another man were waiting, and the table gave evidence of preparation for an elaborate supper.

"Oh, you are here, are you?" said she. "You and your friend. Well, so am I and my friend."

And with a quick movement she slipped in, threw the door open, and announced: "Mr. husband, gentlemen." The supper was eaten, but it was a hurried and rather silent meal, and madame is hardly likely to be invited to supper again by that man.—Exchange.

WHOLLY WOMAN.

Believe me, dear, unyielding though I be,
Ambitions flourish only in the sun—
In noisy daylight every race is run,
With lustry pride for all the world to see.
When darkness sinks the earth in mystery,
When eye or ear or sight or sound is none,
But death, a tide that waits to bear us on,
And life, a loosening anchor in the sea,
When time and space are huge about the soul,
And ties of custom lost beyond recall,
And courage as a garment in the flame,
Then all my spirit breaks without control,
Then the heart opens, then the hot tears fall
To prove me wholly woman that I am.
—Dora Read Goodale.

THE HOTEL DETECTIVE.

How He Thrives on the Vices and Weaknesses of Country Visitors.

One of the nuisances about the hotels of New York is the hotel detective. With one or two exceptions he is considerably worse than the average private detective. On account of being connected with the hotel he has great facilities for making money in a doubtful sort of way. I heard a story of one of these fellows who had just been discharged, and it convinced me that the hotel detective can be a very dangerous person to deal with if he is devoid of principle. Being connected with the hotel he naturally learns all about the business of the guests, and has little difficulty in getting acquainted with them.

There is hardly an officer of the hotels who makes so much money as these detectives. Outside of their dutics in looking out for the affairs of the hotels, they are allowed to act as guides in showing guests the dark ways of city life. Nearly every night a party of gentlemen get together who are desirous of seeing the city by gaslight and they engage the detective to pilot them about. For this he is paid very liberally by the gentlemen, and he is also paid something by the owners of the places where he takes them. This, of course, is a part of his business, but it gives him an opportunity to levy blackmail should he see fit. I know one detective who escorted a very nice old gentleman, who is one of the largest drygoods merchants in a prosperous southern city, to the Arion ball a few months ago. The old gentleman went simply out of curiosity. At home he is very pious, and is the superintendent of a Sunday school. In fact, he is considered a fanatic on religion.

After getting to the ball he was persuaded by the detective to drink a little wine. Not being used to it, it went to his head, and the old man possibly did one or two silly things, particularly for a Sunday school superintendent. On his way home he remarked to the detective that he would not have any one in his town know that he went to the ball for $1,000. Only a short time after his return home he got a message from the detective asking for the loan of $500. It was also intimated to him that should the request be refused an account of his conduct at the ball would be made public at his home. The merchant was weak enough to send his check for $500. This detective has been guilty of a number of similar things which were nothing short of blackmail.—New York Cor. Richmond Dispatch.

GUFFAWS, GRINS AND GIGGLES.

Different Kinds of Cachinnation—Spontaneous, Sentimental, Hysterical.

There is a class of wisdom seeking Solons in this city who, strange as it may appear, profess to be able to judge persons from their laughter. They claim that the voice in laughing indicates the individual character to greater or less extent, as surely as does the study of the three p's—phrenology, physiognomy and palmistry. They describe themselves as laughter readers, and believe that their cachinnating diagnoses are just as correct as those of the mind reader, the chiromancist and the phrenologist. They divide the human laugh into four forms, namely, the genuine or spontaneous, the sentimental, the hysterical and the false or satirical laugh. The inarticulate sound of the vocal organ in cachinnating is as expressive to their ears as are the chords of the piano to the musician. They imagine, whether truly or not is a matter of belief, that they can read a nervous character as soon as they hear one laugh.

The genuine or spontaneous laugh is described by them as of quick, ringing sound, more or less magnetic and catching, according to the physique of the laugher. It denotes a happy disposition, good health and a sympathetic nature. Rich people, it is claimed, are never possessed of this sort of laugh. Neither are misanthropes. The savans say that it conveys more meaning than any other sort of laugh. There is more music in it, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to imitate. It is essentially the vox humana, and there is more life in it than in any other laugh.

The sentimental laugh is of a different kind. Persons of weak natures who are easily influenced by others are addicted to it. Women indulge in it to a great extent. It is devoid of passion or power compared to the genuine, whole souled laugh; musically speaking, it is as the clarion is to the flutina, the diagnosists say.

The laugh of scorn, which comes within the category of mock laugh, is sometimes difficult to analyze. "Its dread laugh what philosophers can scorn." Only spare, robust persons, it is said, can laugh the true laugh of scorn.

The guffaw is described as a loud, unsonorous sound, which is indicative of nothing in particular.

The laugh hysterical belongs to nervously inclined people. Another name for it is the "giggle." It is more a movement of the throat than of the lungs. People with heart disease are given to giggling. "I can tell a man by his laugh or a woman by her giggle," is a maxim. The giggle is a dangerous style of laughter, and those who allow it to grow upon them are liable to sudden death, the experts claim.

Last of all the ways of laughter is the satirical laugh. It is hollow and insincere and expresses a doubt or disbelief. It is a polite way of saying in so many words, the philosopher asserts, "You are a liar." Agnostics and misanthropes are given to this laugh. With the most rabid disbelievers, the laugh is curtailed to what is termed a "chuckle." There is yet another laugh which is a sign of sudden joy over some unexpected fortune. Shakespeare says, "They laugh who win."—New York Journal.

Not an Enthusiast.

A newly made Benedict, while lazily strolling along one day last week, was met by a friend who in bachelder days had been a boon companion. "Hello, old fellow, glad to see you once more," was the salutation; then, in the same breath, accompanying a hearty handshake, came the natural query: "How do you like married life?" "Well, you know," drawled the Benedict, with a smile, "I never got very enthusiastic about anything."—Washington Capital.